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A COLLECTION

—OF THE—

POETICAL

—AND—

PROSE

WRITINGS

33

—OF—

LOGAN STONE,

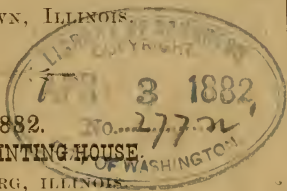
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57

PREFACE.

The object of this little volume is to introduce my poetry to the public. I have not selected the best of my compositions, as I desire to publish a variety of poems of different metres and on familiar subjects. I have others which, perhaps, are more meritorious than any of these, and on subjects of greater importance. But, as I desire to present only a small pamphlet, I am compelled to omit them. Many of these poems were composed in a few moments—in the leisure hours mingled with the days of weary toil. They were not written with the care that should have attended the efforts of the author; consequently, they may lack the beauty of expression and force of language usually found in genuine poetry—I do not boast, yet, I say that the Muse flies not where I cannot follow. But I choose my own way of going. I can write whatsoever I will, and in any manner that I wish. I compose my poems in the way that suits best the peculiar nature of my own mind, and much for the pleasure thereof. Some people write merely to show their skill in composition; and others, who cannot write at all, peruse the productions of the most talented while they hoot at the more common, which probably far excels anything in that line that their ungifted minds are capable of producing. Fine ideas clothed with elegant language are like silver sprays wrapped in the glittering sun-beams of the morning. But some men go to extremes. They use too much magniloquence and put their essays beyond comprehension of the masses. It requires a scholar to read them. Such poetry the world has little

need of. The language of the heart is plain and comprehensive, but the language of the mind is polished. This little volume is scarcely suitable for an introductory to my poetical works. Yet, I will tress it to the public that it may serve as a companion to the reader—a visitor to the liberal, and a bramble in the broad field of literature open to the gaze of the sporting critic.

POETRY.

Genuine poetry, in composition, is the production of wild imagination. It is the written thoughts of the soul while towering in its aerial flights above the mundane regions, viewing, with wonder and admiration, the mighty works of nature.

Natural poetry is seen in the beauties and wonders of nature. There is poetry in the brilliant sunshine as it pours down its dazzling rays upon the earth, warming and swelling all vegetation, and turning the waters into a sea of sparkling glass.

There is poetry in the mad volcano that sends forth seas of burning lava with gigantic volumes of flaming fire, threatening all around with death, while the hills and mountains quake at its fierceness, as though they would flee from its presence.

There is poetry in the wild thunderstorm that sweeps over the land, rending rocks, upturning trees, and bathing the mountains with flames of lightning, while the earth trembles beneath its terrific shock, and in the whirlwind that tears up the mighty oak while turning upon his heel, then laughing it to scorn, skips merrily away dancing a jig.

LOGAN STONE.

Month of March.

The month of March has come again,
 With all his rain and mud,
 And frost and ice to coat the trees,
 And nip them in the bud.

He comes like one on pinions borne,
 Midst clouds of sleet and snow—
 His stormy days and chilling nights
 Fill all his paths with woe.

His howling winds about us fly,
 Like bullets in the fray—
 His mud beneath our feet is spread,
 In ev'ry field and way.

He is the winter's farewell blow—
 December's eldest son;
 He toils with him, nor will he leave
 Until his work is done.

'Tis hard for man to dwell with him,
 And bear his heavy blows;
 But how can he, successfully,
 His mighty power oppose.

His frightful blasts are for the best,
 Although they do us harm;
 So let us grin and bear him with
 His equinoctial storm.

Soon he will leave our pleasant clime,
 No more cold frost to bring—
 Behind his clouds will then appear
 The bright and welcome Spring.

A Worthless Man.

The man who gains no earthly store,
 And never even tries,
 Must live in poverty and shame,
 And want until he dies.

He'll be a servant and a slave,
 And to the wealthy bound,
 And always live from hand to mouth
 Wherever he is found.

His life will be a heavy drag.
 His home a prison cell,
 And earth with all its charms to him
 Must be a transient hell.

The Poor Man's Soliloquy.

Blest be the day when it arrives,
 And ne'er a bit I dread it,
 When I will no more have to buy
 My meal and flour on credit.

Yea, blessed be the welcome day,
 And be it bright and sunny,
 When I to buy my meal and flour
 Will always have the money.

I fancy then, I'll ne'er be seen
 Before a merchant lusty,
 With some excuse for being "strapped,"
 Beseeching him to trust me.

The Industrious Widow.

From day to day the widow toils,
 With energy and might,
 And weary limbs and anxious soul,
 From morning until night.

She hoes her cabbage and her beets,
 Potatoes, peas and beans,
 And takes care of the tender plants:
 The radishes and greens.

She is not slow to soil her hands,
 Nor does she labor dread;
 For by the sweating of her face
 Her little ones are fed.

She does not fear the scorching sun,
 But cultivates the soil,
 And fondly waits for the reward
 Of all her care and toil.

And when the little crop is raised,
 She stores it all away,
 That she may eat when winter comes,
 Clothed in his mantle gray.

God bless the faithful widow's house,
 Grant that she may be fed—
 Forbid that she shall come to want,
 Or beg her daily bread.

Send down the rain upon her field,
 Her garden neat and small;
 And grant that she may plenty have
 Throughout the seasons all.

And when her race of life is run,
 Grant that she may have grace
 Sufficient to gain heaven, and
 Find there a resting place.

Encouraging Words to Christians.

Be not dismayed, ye drooping saints
 Who grovel in the dark,
 But fan the flame that in thee burns,
 And trust not in a spark.

Let not the tempter overcome,
 Nor lead thy soul astray,
 But ever be upon thy guard,
 And keep the narrow way.

Thy race of life will soon be run,
 Then thou shalt reach the goal,
 The happy region of the blessed,
 The harbor of the soul.

Thy hopes are founded on a rock,
 Thine anchor is secure,
 Thy promise firmer than the earth,
 And thy salvation sure.

When Demons hover round thy soul
 And stormy clouds arise,
 Then call to mind thy former bliss
 When clear were all the skies.

The Saviour will redeem thy soul,
 He is thy constant friend,
 He will protect thee in this life
 And save thee in the end.

Those murky clouds are for thy good
 That o'er thy vision roll,
 For soon they will disperse, then light
 Will beam upon thy soul.

Then do not faint upon the way,
 But onward ever go,
 And thou wilt reach that better world
 Where is no pain or woe.

Then thou wilt dwell among the just,
 The saint and Angel band,
 And worship God unhurt by sin,
 Far in the promised land.

How to Use Time.

Be careful how you use your time
 For it will not always last;
 And to misuse it is a crime,
 That will thy spirit blast.

Improve the hours as they fly
 And watch the moments, too,
 Lest they should pass unnoticed by
 And fail to profit you.

Let not thy precious days be spent.
 In vice, nor wanton glee,
 Lest they should end ere thou repent
 And leave no hope for thee.

The Blue.

The Murphys are a people who,
 With energy and might,
 Are working for the nation's good,
 For liberty and right.
 They're striking at intemperance,
 And mean it to subdue—
 Each wears a badge of temperance,
 A little ribbon blue.

The Murphys are a mighty host,
 A patriotic band,
 Endeavoring by honest means
 To purify the land.
 Now reader Murphy whose eyes fall
 Upon these stanzas few,
 Be zealous in the noble cause,
 And faithful to the blue.

If you should see a drunken wretch
 Bemuddled in the mire,
 Do not leave him there unhelped,
 Beneath the curse so dire;
 But take him gently by the hand
 And raise him from the slough,
 And give him warning and advice,
 And point him to the blue.

And if you should perchance to fall
 In some unguarded day,
 Let not the blunder fatal be,
 Nor farther go astray.
 But keep the pledge and try again,
 And keep this truth in view—
 "God helps him who helps himself,"
 And buckles to the blue.

Let not the tempter overcome,
 Nor pierce you with his dart,
 Nor make of you a tippler, or
 A drunkard at the heart.
 Your word and honor is at stake,
 Your reputation too,
 Which you will forfeit to your shame
 If you desert the blue.

Let not the Demon, Alcohol,
 Cause you to break the pledge,
 Nor slip into the drunkard's hell,
 Nor stagger on the edge,—
 Shun every soul-polluting drug
 And shun tobacco, too,
 Because it is the "devil's weed,"
 A blemish on the blue.

Be prompt in duty everywhere,
 And always do your part,
 With charity for every one
 Abiding in your heart.
 Let malice never have a change
 Its cruel work to do,
 But meet your neighbor with a smile,
 And crown him with the blue,

Some people do not like the blue,
 As though it was impure—
 And meant for drunkard's just reformed,
 And was their signature.
 But that's a notion of their own,
 And very foolish too;
 It is the badge of temperance,
 The "Murphy" sacred blue.

Be not ashamed to wear the blue,
 Wherever you may call,
 It means that you are temperate,
 And hate the liquors all.
 Then wear it every day you live;
 Work days and Sunday, too—
 And let the people know that you
 Are faithful to the blue.

Come everyone, both rich and poor
 And join the Murphy clan—
 Come, sign the pledge without delay,
 And help us all you can—
 Our nation's honor is at stake,
 Its wealth and glory too.
 Come, now, and join the sacred pledge
 And recognize the blue.

We want to stop the whisky trade,
 So greatly in demand,
 And cap' the demon alcohol,
 And drive him from the land.
 We want to pay our nation's debt,
 And give men work to do,
 And save our fellowmen from shame,
 And crown them with the blue.

'Tis hoped the time will soon arrive
 When Murphys, free from pride,
 Will rule supremely everywhere,
 Between the oceans wide.
 'Tis hoped that Murphys will be seen
 All with their colors true,
 Wherever waves the Union flag,
 The red, the white, and blue.

The Devil's Trap.

I saw the devil's trap one day,
 In which he catches all his prey,
 It was Tophet—a dreadful weight—
 A jug of whisky was his bait.

I hid myself a little while,
 To see the devil's trapping style;
 I had not very long to stay,
 For soon his victim came that way,

It was a drunkard hither bound,
 And soon the tempting jug he found,
 He looked and saw no one was nigh,
 And then he crept in very sly.

He drank until he lost his care,
 And was too senseless to beware;
 Then Satan pulled and Tophet fell
 And sent his precious soul to hell.

When he revived, I heard him cry,
 Alas, alas, oh! where am I?
 Can this be hell, that wretched place
 Of pain, of anguish and disgrace?

And then he wept, he prayed, he plead,
 But the Savior to him said:
 Depart from me thou cursed one!
 For there's no hope when life is done.

And then he turned his weeping eyes,
 And saw the flames about him rise;
 Which leaped like wild beasts from the lair;
 And then he sank down in despair.

Now this may be the case with all,
 Who do into this habit fall;
 because it is the drunkard's hap
 To fall into the devil's trap.

Death.

'Tis sweet to live, but sweeter far to die,
 And leave the scenes of woe and mortal pain
 For life is death, a death that conquers slow,
 And fills the paths thereof with misery—
 Life is sweet, but death is sweeter far
 To those who are prepared to meet their God
 For in that hour the messenger will come
 And bear away the soul unto that place
 Where happy spirits dwell, and where the saints
 Arrayed in white, their holy Maker praise.
 Then fear not death, for it is not a pang,
 Nor a foe, that we should dread his stern
 proach

'Tis but the nurse that God in mercy sends
 To lull the soul to sleep.

It is the fell disease amidst the flesh,
 That breeds the pain that racks the mortal part
 But death is innocent of this, and smoothes
 With gentle hands the cold and fainting brow
 Fear not what God in wisdom hath prepared
 To cut thee off from earth's vile multitudes;
 For it is not a curse; but a blessing—
 A fitting for a journey of the soul—
 'Tis like a sleep that turns the mind away
 From earthly care, and blesses with repose.
 Or like a trance, that steals away the soul,
 To view immortal visions.

The Muse Calliope.

A woman swinging in the sun
 Midst worlds of lurid light,
 Doth sweetly sing of Eden's grand,
 Beyond the shades of night.

She is the fairest of the fair,
 All lovely and divine;
 Her countenance expresses love,
 And does with glory shine.

Her garb is of the deepest blue,
 Her waist is snowy white,
 With silver tresses all around,
 Which sparkle in the light.

Her golden hair, in flowing waves,
 Widely itself unfurls,
 And lowly hangs about her waist
 In many silken curls.

Resplendent chain of sparkling gold
 Swung down from heaven's throne
 Support her car, bedecked with flowers
 From worlds by man unknown.

Bright angels often visit her
 From their abode on high,
 And join with her in holy song,
 And with her swiftly fly.

Then loudly rings her charming voice
 By wisdom well controled
 In tender tones to suit the bass
 Of matchless harps of gold.

Thus to and fro with steady gait,
 She does her course pursue,
 And side by side with angels sails
 Far in the ether blue.

Apollo oft' with fond delight,
 Doth by her pathway stand,
 As she passes swiftly by,
 To grasp her by the hand.

Then he bounds into the car,
 Which does with splendor shine,
 And swiftly flies with her through space,
 All lovely and divine.

There's none so dear to him as her,
 So lovely and serene,
 She is his darling favorite,
 His goddess and his queen.

Ladders of silver do extend
 From earth to her abode,
 Which furnishes the sons of men
 A straight and narrow road.

On this the poets do ascend,
 With sparks of nature's fire,
 And take from her, her golden strains,
 And tune them to the lyre.

The singing of the Muse is heard
 By men and angels round,
 The heavens and the earth are filled
 With the delightful sound.

Sing on, O, lovely Muse, sing on,
 Till fleeting time does end—
 Inspire each meek, inquiring soul
 That does to thee ascend.

Glad would I take Apollo's place,
 If it could but be mine,
 And ever with thee be, who art
 So lovely and divine.

Thou beckonest me now to come
 And with thee take a part,
 And learn thy sacred songs of love,
 And bind them to my heart.

Thy charming voice doth softly fall
 On my attentive ear,
 And welcomes me to quickly come,
 And at thy car appear.

I will come, and gladly come,
 And with thee tarry long,
 Until the spirit of my soul
 Is laden with thy song.

I'll sit me down with thee, O, Muse,
 And in thy bosom rest,
 'Neath thy resistless charms, and lean
 My head upon thy breast.

And there enwrapped in perfect bliss
 I will thy features scan,
 And take from thee thy golden strains,
 And hand them down to man.

The Mysterious World.

Far out in space there is a world
 Unbound by any tie,
 That does, with mighty angel speed,
 Forever ceaseless fly.

That world revolves around a light,
 The light is called a sun.
 Five hundred million miles a year,
 It does around it run.

Above the orbit of this world,
 There is a region grand,
 And Heaven is the name of it,
 Where saints and angels stand.

Below there is another place—
 A region foul and fell—
 Where wicked men and demons rove:
 The name of it is Hell.

Now on this great revolving world.
 A host of people live;
 These people are immortal souls,
 Which none can take or give.

Each soul within a body dwells;
 Those bodies are of clay—
 They are but temporary things,
 And shortly must decay.

The gravitation of this world,
 Draws all those bodies near,
 So that they cannot fly nor go
 To any other sphere

But the law of gravitation has
 No power o'er the soul,
 So when the body droops and dies
 'Twill leave its native goal.

There is a Great Almighty One.
 Who did those souls create;
 To Him they all must fly at last
 To meet their final fate.

This Great One omnipresent is,
 And everywhere does dwell;
 Around the world on every sphere,
 In Heaven and in Hell.

Now ev'ry soul is strongly bound,
 As with a rubber band;
 To spirits like unto itself,
 Beyond cold Jordan's strand.

And when the mortal body dies,
 And leaves it all alone,
 'Twill quickly fly away to dwell
 Forever with its own.

The righteous then will plume their
 wings;
 And soar to Heaven to dwell;
 But those who are defiled with sin,
 Must helpless drop to Hell.

The Offended Lover's Valedictory.

Farewell to thee, offending maid,
 I'm going now to leave thee
 I hope, my once dear darling girl,
 Our parting will not grieve thee.

Our happy days are past and gone,
 And now the tie must sever
 That long has bound my heart to thine
 To be undone forever.

We will no more together be
 In woodland, dale or mountain,
 To drink as we have often drank,
 From love's refreshing fountain.

The sacred flame within my soul
 Has ceased for thee its burning,
 And I am now with eager to
 Another charmer turning.

Thou once was my most truest friend,
 My dearest earthly treasure,
 Whom I was prone to oft embrace
 With fond delight and pleasure.

But now my love for thee is gone,
 My once warm heart is frozen,
 And I, to make my life more sweet,
 Another maid have chosen.

I have no boon to leave with thee
 Of future love a token,
 Nor promises too fondly made,
 That may in time be broken.

The rich look down upon the poor,
 As though it was a shame,
 For them to mingle with a class
 So destitute of fame.

But when that day shall have arrived,
 They must bid fame farewell;
 And rank themselves with common folks
 And ever with them dwell.

The gaudy dress in which they strut,
 Amidst the gazing crowd,
 They must lay by, and in its stead,
 Receive a winding shroud.

Then where will be their splendid domes,
 And flying carriage wheels?
 And noble steeds of swiftest pace,
 And thousand acre fields.

Their scornful days will then be o'er,
 And ev'ry noble head,
 Shall lowly bow, and rest itself
 Among the silent dead.

The land shall then divided be,
 By rules unerring wise;
 And ev'ry one shall have a lot
 According to his size.

Then ev'ry one can go their length,
 For going will be free—
 The longest one will get the most,
 But not the richest be.

Men are of divers statutes made,
 And some are very small;
 Such men as these will not possess
 Like old Goliath tall.

No one can then o'er others boast,
 For all will have the same—
 None will be rich, none will be poor,
 None have, nor covet fame.

Those little patches, two by size,
 Will give each one a share;
 And all will then contented be,
 Nor wish for better fare,

The greedy man shall rest in peace—
 He shall be let alone;
 No one will rob him of his deed,
 Nor move his corner stone.

Now this shall be the certain fate
 Of those upon the earth;
 The rich and poor, the high and low,
 Shall taste alike its dearth.

The wealthy shall give up their wealth,
 Although they did it earn;
 For poor and naked, came they here,
 And thus they shall return.

The rich grades and ranks of all the
 earth
 Must all give up their breath;
 And loose their wealth and proverty,
 And equalize in death.

Man's Greatest Pleasure.

It is a pleasure to a man,
 To have a charming maid
 Perched upon his antic knee,
 Beneath a pleasant shade.

It is a pleasure to a man,
 O'er hills and dales to ride,
 All in a splendid carriage with
 His darling by his side.

It is a pleasure to a man
 When in her showy dress,
 To ask his dearie him to wed,
 And hear her answer, yes.

It is a pleasure to a man
 To stand upon the floor,
 And there be joined unto his love,
 To separate no more.

It is a pleasure to a man
 To know the work is done,
 He and his darling melted both,
 And molded into one.

It is a pleasure to a man—
 It is his souls delight,
 To fondle o'er his winsome pet,
 From morning until night.

It is a pleasure to a man
 To know he has a friend
 To help him through this world of woe,
 'Till weary life shall end.

Woman.

This world would be a lonely place
 To man, with all its splendor,
 If he was left alone therein
 Without the sex more tender.
 The fairest region 'neath the sun
 He would feel rather slim in,
 If he was bound therein to dwell,
 And never blend with women.

The sun and stars that brightly shine,
 And spread their light around him
 Would only tend, with constant blight,
 To trouble and confound him,
 Their glory and their brilliant rays
 The heavens would look dim in,
 If he was doomed beneath their light
 To walk unblest with women.

The charms of nature would not be
 So lov'ly nor so cheering;
 Nor would her noble songsters then
 Receive from him a hearing,
 Alone, each, then, would dwindle, like
 A tree without a limb in
 And mourn his sad existence here
 Uncomforted by women.

There is no sweeter bliss for him;
 No greater earthly pleasure
 Than to among the women be,
 And court them at his leisure.
 His cup of joy is often filled
 Until it takes the brim in,
 When he life's hours is passing with
 The fascinating women.

When Adam was in Eden placed,
 Among the many flowers,
 He was not happy then alone,
 Amid the golden bowers;
 So there was made for him a mate
 In Eden to look trim in;
 It was a mundane angel fair,
 A type of modern women.

When Adam looked upon his love,
 He knew she was intended,
 For him a help mate and a bride,
 Till his career was ended.
 He gladly took her by the hand,
 (The look of love took him in),
 And walked through Eden's broad ex-
 panse
 Unhurt by jealous women.

His happiness was then complete,
 Forever at his leisure,
 He courted her, his bonny Eve,
 With fond delight and pleasure;
 He did not covet greater bliss,
 Nor ever was a whim in,
 For well he knew that henceforth he
 Should dwell among the women.

His sons that lived in after days,
 With women were delighted;
 And fondly courted those by whom
 To love they were excited,
 And in the world those noble sons
 Alone, felt rather slim in,
 And sought, each one, a winsome bride,
 Among the lovely women.

The smartest men that ever lived,
 And men of highest standing,
 Have, ever since those days, been found
 Sweet women's love commanding,
 They could not dwell in earth alone,
 Nor in it sing a hymn in
 With perfect peace and happiness,
 Excluded from the women.

King Solomon, the wisest man
 That e'er we chanced to read of,
 Seemed to think that the women were
 The things he stood in need of.
 He wedded seven hundred wives,
 Who lovingly took him in;
 Besides, three hundred concubines—
 He must have loved the women.

What would the anxious lovers do,
 Who stroll among the masses,
 If they were doomed on earth to dwell
 Away from bonny lasses?
 Where would they go when dressed in
 suits,
 Which they look neat and trim in,
 If they were made to stay at home,
 And leave alone the women?

Women are the greatest of
 Men's many earthly blessings,
 And worthy of what they receive,
 Their countless love caressings—
 What would men do—poor mortals—for
 A sea of love to swim in
 With fond delight and pleasure, if
 It was not for the women.

Questions in Rhyme.

BY AN INQUISITIVE MIND, TO LOGAN STONE,

If all the water on the globe
 Was corked up in a bottle—
 If all the earth was made a robe,
 And buttoned round the throttle,
 What a being would he be—
 At once could drink it all?
 What a monster would we see
 If off the robe should fall?

Where would the monster stand
 While taking such a drink?
 How could he use his hand
 To uncork it, do you think?
 Where would the body lay,
 When wound up in the robe?
 And what would you then say
 Had become of this big globe?

In about a week the poet replied that:

If such a being e'er could be
 As you've suggested here to me—
 One that could drink the water all
 Upon this great revolving ball—
 He would like some great planet be,
 Which unassisted sight can't see.

If this great revolving globe
 Were transformed into a robe
 And botton'd round the mighty throttle
 Of him who could drink dry the bottle,
 And from his shoulders fall unfurled,
 We would behold a living world.

A being thus so great and grand
 Would need no place on which to stand
 For he could ever keep his place
 With mighty worlds that fly through space
 Or, if he should desire a seat,
 Or place whereon to rest his feet,
 He could some passing world command
 And on it in his glory stand.

Then, like a forest clothed in sleet,
 That does man's sight with glory meet
 His golden hair outstripped by none,
 Would glitter in the shining sun,
 There he would stand like Sol at noon
 And rest his elbow on the moon.

And then his hand with lightning speed
 That would no gravitation heed,
 Would shake the robe around his throat
 And tightly grasp the mighty bottle.
 His other hand he then would take,
 And give the mighty mass a shake.

And with his nails, so great and stout
 He'd clinch and pull the stopper out—
 Now, should this giant monster die,
 Where could his lifeless body lie?
 I'll tell you where we could lay him
 Who drank the ocean to the brim.

A thousand moving worlds we'd take
 And one world of the whole we'd make
 Down in it dig a grave with care,
 And lay his ponderous body there;
 Or weave a web of mighty chains
 That would not break 'neath his reins

And take it to the worlds unsent
 And stretch it o'er them like a tent;
 And on it in a vault, we'd place
 His form, and cover him with space.
 We then would see our ruined globe,
 Transformed into a mighty robe,
 With part rolled up and part unfurled,
 Receeding to some other world.

A High-Tempered Wife.

The worst thing that a man e'er had
 In this wide world of trouble,
 Is a high-tempered woman who
 Is always in a bubble.

I know where dwells just such a dame,
 She is a hell-cat snatcher,
 'Tis only now and then we find
 A Mrs. that can match her.

When ev'ry thing goes well with her,
 She is a charming winner,
 But when she gets a little mad
 The very Devil's in her.

Her husband dreads her fiery wrath
 Which moves her oft to fight him,
 And when the fits come on she does
 Do all she can to spite him.

When there's a chore for each to do,
 He says he will do either.
 But *she*, in her malicious way,
 Declares she will do neither.

Her husband's mute on washing day,
 For then her tounge does clatter,
 And if he says too much to her,
 She'll smash his noggin flatter.

She ever tries with anxious soul
 His business to be knowing;
 Poor man, he can not rest, because
 Her tongue is always going.

He seldom makes a trade without
 A fracas or dissention,
 And thus it is in many things,
 Too numerous to mention.

And when he goes away from home
 To meetings that are holding,
 And comes back rather late at night.
 He gets an awful scolding.

She tries to run the whole machine,
 The kitchen, farm and garden,
 And does her husband oft' offend,
 But never pleads for pardon.

The bossing all is done by her,
 She tries to wear the breeches;
 I think she'd better leave them off
 For fear she bursts the stitches.

For fear the tender sex should be offended at my poem on The High-Tempered Wife, I will insert a poem on The Good-Natured Wife, by reversing the former. I am aware that neither

poem is suitable to more than one in a thousand, but perhaps the two averaged together will suit the majority of the deluded.—There is but one thing in the world worse than a high-tempered wife, and that is a high-tempered husband. He is worse on account of his greater strength, and extremely loud voice—L. S.

The best thing that a man e'er had,
 In this wide world of trouble,
 Is a good-natured woman, who
 Is never in a bubble.

I know where dwells just such a dam,
 She is no hell-cat snatcher,
 'Tis only now and then we find
 A Mrs. that can match her,

Ev'ry thing goes well with her,
 She is a charming winner,
 She never gives away to wrath,
 And vengeance is not in her.

Her husband dwells in peace with her,
 She never dares to fight him;
 She's ever careful not to do
 A thing to grieve or spite him.

When there's a chore for each to do,
 She grumbles then at neither,
 But with a smile upon her face
 Is willing to do either.

Her husband's gay on washing day,
 And lovingly does pat her,
 Because she does not threaten then
 To smash his noggin flatter.

She does not try—good-natured soul—
 His business to be knowing;
 Nor does she make him hear with grief
 Her tongue forever going.

He trades when e'er he will without
 A fracas or dissention,
 And thus it is in many things,
 Too numerous to mention.

And when he goes away from home
 To meetings that are holding,
 And comes back rather late at night,
 He never gets a scolding.

She runs her part, but not the whole,
 The kitchen, farm and garden,
 And when her husband she offends,
 She pleads with him for pardon.

She does not choose to be the boss,
 Nor bravely wear the breeches,
 She deems it best to leave them off
 Lest she should burst the stitches.

The Convicted Sinner's Address to His Soul.

sin, thou vile deceiver of my soul
 that leadest me astray with dire control.
 thou infernal black devouring flame

That brands the soul of man with endless shame
 Thou art the guide, the broad and rugged road
 That leadeth down to demons' dark abode
 Thou art a subtle foe, and hard to scan
 Thou art the wreck and misery of man,
 Let darkness robe that doleful day and hour
 When first I yielded to thy conquering power,
 When first I slept beneath thy clinking chain,
 And drank with fond delight thy killing bane,
 Turn thou my soul. O thou immortal mind,
 From sin's broad road to which thou art confined,
 Listen to the voice of wisdom now.
 Scorn not the messenger with angry brow,
 Be thou admonished ere it is too late,
 Take warning now, and shun thy coming fate,
 Let sense and judgment stop thy coming woe,
 Tear now away from this infernal foe,
 Stop now and think, O thou immortal soul,
 Let sin no more thy strength and will control,
 Yea stop, or soon thou wilt be doomed to dwell
 With demons in the burning pits of hell.

Maxims.

He that would be admired by the prudent should clothe himself in wisdom, and walk gracefully in the paths of virtue.

A man with the big head is looked up to by those of little heads, but men of sense consider his ability.

The man that owes more than he possesses is not worth a cent.

Truth is a stranger to the infidel, and the path of righteousness is too narrow for his feet.

Those who fail to do their duty because others fail are pretty sure of hell.

A man who is too indolent to work should change or never marry.

The man that gets a high-tempered wife gets one that will stay with him in time of trouble.

A good wife is a man's greatest earthly blessing.

A man that speaks by note is like a lost sailor that guides himself by the stars.

It is not the rod that conquers the child, but the master.

The rich are not always the wisest, nor the aristocratic the most pure in heart.

Man is what he makes himself.

Never say, "I can't" except in impossibilities and then let the truth come.

The dancing hall is the devil's parlor, and the house of mirth the fool's dining-room.

The man that mistreats his wife is lower than a brute.

The devil is an evil spirit, and like the air is everywhere on the earth at once, and influences men to do evil. Who can look around him and say there is no devil.

The slanderer is a terror to his neighbor, a disgrace to humanity and a faithful servant of the devil.

The drunkard's wife is acquainted with grief; she is a subject of pity and in a fair way for an early grave.

There are three characters which cannot see the wisdom of God in his handy work—the idiot, the lunatic and the infidel.

Temperance:

An extract from a temperance lecture by the author:

We cannot tolerate intemperance. To illustrate: Say forty families go to a new country, and form a colony. They are all good, civil, moral people and live peaceably together. They have no saloon. No liquor. No drunkards. Finally, a man comes to the colony and sets up a saloon, and in two years many of the men become drunkards. Young men are degraded. Husbands and fathers become brutal; families are made miserable, and the whole colony is disgraced. This is the effect of liquor. A law that would prevent this would be just, but some say that such a law would deprive the liquor dealer of his liberty. In reply to this I would say, that the law would deprive him of the privilege of doing much harm. His is the wrong kind of liberty. It enslaves others. We should not tolerate it. The law that deprives him of his liberty frees all the people in the colony. It saves them from intemperance, disgrace and ruin. If one man with his family, should be protected in a business that disgraces society and degrades humanity, how much more should forty men with their families, who desire to do right, be protected in the practice of their principles. Shall we licence crime and not protect decency? Shall we give the destroyer a sword to slay the innocent with and deny the victim a shield? Shall we give all into the liquor dealer's hand, or shall we respect others also?

Is The Soul Mortal.

Infidels say that the soul of man is mortal. That it dies with the body. This is all supposition. There is no way of knowing that the soul is mortal. If infidels would convince the world that the soul is mortal, they should first analyze it. They should first find out what the soul is. What is the soul, or spirit, and what is it composed of? Or is it a component at all? Who ever saw a soul or a spirit, and if anyone ever did see one, what did it look like, and what color was it?

“There is a spirit in man.” That is, an invisible and intelligent individuality. A something that is not flesh. A something that sees, speaks, hears and understands. Without this the body is dead. Its organs are useless.

If the infidel does not know what the soul is. If he cannot analyze or comprehend it, he does not know that it is mortal; scientists say that matter is indistructable. Then if matter is immortal why is not the soul? Science cannot testify as to what the soul is—I repeat. There is no way of knowing that the soul is mortal, and when the infidel asserts that the soul is mortal that it dies with the body, he asserts a thing which he does not know to be true, since infidels want positive evidence on everything they should be sure of their premises.

The Fishermen of Middletown.

The fishermen of Middletown,
Had many weeks been trying
To catch themselves a lot of fish,
That they might have a frying.

Day after day those fishermen,
 Who waited not to quibble
 With patience sat upon the bank
 Of Salt Creek for a nibble.

Day after day they did return,
 With naught but "little fishes"—
 That would not pay them for their time,
 Nor satisfy their wishes.

At last John Isonhart went down
 To catch himself a "minner,"
 Or if he could a fish that would
 Make him a meal for dinner.

He cast his line into the deep,
 And while he there was waiting,
 Long came a fish of mammoth size
 And took his hook and baiting.

Then Johnny pulled upon his line
 Which set his fish to flouncing,
 And drew it out upon the shore,
 Where it lay faint and bouncing.

At this he seemed surprised as though
 He thought his funny notion,
 Had led him there to catch a whale—
 A young one from the ocean.

Thus Johnny got his wanted fish,
 Which made him dinner plenty,
 For when it was compared with pounds
 It equaled nine and twenty.

His Kingdom stands immovable.
 Eternal is his throne;
 To him the holy angels bow,
 And worship him alone.

Come all ye Nations of the earth—
 He is your sure reward,
 O come with love, forsake all sin,
 And ever praise the Lord.

Farewell My Bonny Bird.

Farewell to thee my bonny bird
 My darling and my dearie,
 Thou ever art most dear to me
 * Enchanting, blithe and cheery.

Thou art my truest friend on earth
 For thou art sad to leave me,
 But do not let O, lovely one,
 This parting moment grieve thee.

Think love, upon the future days,
 And do not trouble borrow,
 When we shall meet to part no more
 As though it were to-morrow.

The time will soon arrive, my love,
 Forget it darling, never,
 When we will meet in this strange world
 To part no more forever.

The driver close behind him rides
 To see that swift he onward glides
 And has his weary back and sides
 At his command;
 To which he oft' applies raw-hides
 With cruel hand.

He is compelled to onward skip
 Under the lashes of the whip
 And is not given time to nip
 At straw that lay
 Well adapted to his lip
 Along the way.

Thus poor mulie is oppressed
 With daily toil from which unblest
 He oft' retires to take a rest
 With weary pace
 While quick another mule is "pressed"
 To fill his place.

The Vanity of Riches.

Why should a man work day and night,
 Regardless of his health;
 And break his constitution down,
 To gather to him wealth.

For life is short, and death is sure,
 And earthly hopes are vain,
 And in this world of fancy toys
 We cannot long remain.

If one could get by honest gain,
 The wealth of all the world,
 'Twould only be a hod of trash
 From other shoulders hurled.

This life is as a transient dream—
 It soon must pass away;
 And we must lay our bodies down
 To molder in the clay.

Then what is wealth with all it's fame—
 Are any truly blessed
 Who it possess, and nothing more?
 Or have they perfect rest?

Hell.

Hell is a place beyond the grave
 Where Demons do their imps enslave,
 Where victims rove in endless night,
 Without a single ray of light.
 It is a region foul and fell
 Where wicked souls and demons dwell,
 A place where pleasure is unknown,
 Far, far away from Heaven's throne.
 A place where horror never ends,
 Where foes are met instead of friends;
 A place where none but rebels dwell
 In endless torment—this is hell.

Hell is the execution of justice upon the wicked
 It is punishment for sin in God's most wise and
 righteous way.

What kind of a place hell is, no mortal knows
 Sacred writ does not seem to specify what man-
 ner of punishment or place it is, but represents
 it under various figures, such as, a lake of fire

outer darkness, eternal damnation, &c; that we may get an idea of the misery of that terrible prison. Some people deny the existence of a Hell. They say that all will be saved regardless of character.

But they err. This is a thing that cannot be; for righteousness has no fellowship with unrighteousness. Heaven cannot be polluted—The soul, must be holy or it cannot inherit the spiritual Kingdom of God. If the rebellious angels were cast out of heaven for their offences it is not likely that the wicked will be permitted to enter therein without complying with the terms of the gospel. Since Adam was driven from the Eden, on earth, for sin. It is not probable that his descendants will be allowed to inherit that upper and better Eden without repenting of sin—To deny the existence of a hell is to charge God with injustice. It is putting too low an estimate on His holy character.

The Batchelor on Matrimony.

It would be good to marry,
 If folks by doing so
 Could better their condition
 In this wide world of woe.

This world would be a heaven,
 As well as that above,
 If people could be wedded
 In harmony and love.

It would indeed be pleasant
 To live a married life,
 If 'twas not for the husband,
 Disputing with the wife.

But this infernal trouble
 Seldom fails to be;
 It seems to be their nature
 To always disagree.

If man and wife could only
 On ev'ry thing agree,
 And do away with quar'ling,
 They would both happy be.

I would not mind to marry
 If I could only find
 A woman that would suit me
 And never make me mind.

Perhaps, I would do better
 Than some that make a start,
 And get myself a helpmate
 That has a noble heart.

But I'm afraid to venture,
 Because I might get fooled,
 And be compelled in sorrow,
 To be by woman ruled.

And then my life a burden
 Would be, and well I know
 That I'd regret the wedding—
 The cause of all my woe.

I've seen too many weddings
 That did not turn out well,
 And changed the lover's heaven
 Into a constant hell.

And when I well consider
 The matter I decide
 That 'tis better to be single
 Than buckeled to a bride.

And then I feel determined
 To still avoid a match
 By wedding with a woman,
 And live alone and "batch".

A Solid Man.

A solid man is one that is what he appears to be. He does not put on airs, nor try to deceive the people. He is plain, sociable and honest. He respects those that respect him, is not above nor below any, but considers himself equal to those of his character, whether rich or poor. He does not envy the rich, nor despise the poor. He admires the virtuous, and pities the degraded. He endorses every good principle, and opposes every bad one. He is industrious, temperate, and virtuous. He is truthful. He means what he says. A man can believe him, and a woman can trust him. He is the same wherever you meet him, to-day, to-morrow and forever.

The Husband's Dearie.

I feel a delicacy in placing before the public the following lines. For there are so few people who can appreciate them, especially, those who have been shipwrecked upon the deceitful ocean of matrimonial life. Judging from the number of staves, mopsticks, and broken broomhandles that drift ashore from that delusive sea, I suppose they are prepared to receive my composition as the vain production of a frenzied imagination. Nevertheless it may be read with fond

delight by some who are yet on the safe side of
the beach.

What is the dearest thing to man
In this world of commotion,
And cheers him most while sailing hard
O'er life's enruffled ocean.
What turns his sorrow into joy,
In seasons dark and dreary,
Is it not his loving wife,
His darling and his dearie?

Who is the truest friend to man,
With grace and love abounding,
And faithful proves, while others are
His tender feelings wounding?
And always in him takes delight,
Though all the world be jeery,
Is it not his lovely wife,
His darling and his dearie?

She's often seen with charming smiles
And visage full of meaning,
Sitting upon her husband's lap,
And on his bosom leaning;
And there enwrapped in perfect bliss,
Though others may be sneery,
He does embrace with fond delight,
His darling and his dearie.

When other friends betray their trust,
And wrongly use and grieve him,
He has one true and faithful friend,
That never will deceive him.
O, what a friend this friend must be—
A friend that ne'er grows weary—
She is his truest earthly friend.
His darling and his dearie.

I wonder not if such a man
 Enjoys earthly pleasure,
 When he can gather to his breast
 And own earth's richest treasure.
 Wealth ne'er could give him half the bliss
 Nor make him half so cheery,
 As does this fair and bonny dame;
 His darling and his dearie.

She always flies to him for help,
 When pressed by tribulation,
 He is her hope, her strength, her tow'r,
 Her peace and consolation.
 Then he with kind and tender words,
 And visage mild and cheery.
 Consols his love, his pet, his dove,
 His darling and his dearie.

If I could find just such a one
 I'd ever with her tarry,
 I'd never turn from her away,
 Nor hesitate to marry.
 I'd gladly take her by the hand,
 And shortly have her geery,
 And she should be my bonny bride,
 My darling and my deary.

Then in this world of weal and woe,
 We'd spend a life of pleasure,
 And she should ever be to me
 My dearest earthly treasure.
 I'd never be too slack in love
 Nor ever be too weary
 To dandle on my antic knee,
 My darling and my dearie.

Do Infidels Know It.

[An extract from a lecture by the author.]

Infidels say the dead shall sleep eternally, that this life is all that men shall live. Revelation tells us that man was formed of the dust of the ground; science backs this doctrine, and infidels believe it. If one could have lived before man was created and it had been told him that in the future men would be created or formed of the dust, and endowed with life, beauty, and intelligence, he might have laughed at the thought, but his unbelief would not have made man's creation impossible, for to-day he lives—His creation is a marvelous thing. A wonder which we cannot comprehend, and a fact which infidels do not deny. Do infidels know that the Being who brought us up from non-existence, or from a state of existence of which we have no knowledge, and gave us a conscious existence in this world, is not able to, and will not raise us up again, and give us a conscious existence in another world. Do infidels know that such is the case? If so by what means do they know it?

Machinery the Production of Intellect.

[An extract from a lecture on the queries of infidelity, by the author.]

If you tell an atheist that a machine can exist and move systematically without an intelligent inventor and builder he will pronounce you insane. But when you tell him that the Universe, constituting a grand, incomprehensible perpetual motion, so broad that the mightiest telescope cannot penetrate through it, exists and moves systematically without an intelligent maker and ruler he says it is so and he calls this reason. To

affirm that a machine cannot exist and move systematically without an intelligent inventor and builder, and yet say that the Universe exists and moves by chance is a glaring contradiction. Is it possible that the infinite Universe with all its beauty and perfection, is the production of the spontaneous exertions of blind and unintelligent nature, all moving on gloriously and systematically without a purpose, without an aim? Certainly not. As a machine says to the world that it has an intelligent inventor and builder, so does the universe stand out with its infinite machinery, proclaiming to all intelligent beings that there is a supreme artificer. That there is an intelligent inventor, maker and ruler. It tells us that there is a God.

Did nature form without design
 The countless worlds and suns that shine,
 And bid the planets run their race
 Each in its orb, and proper place?

Was man and matter strangely wrought,
 By nature's hand from nothing brought
 And made to fly in wild disperse
 Throughout the boundless Universe?

The Bible.

[Extract from a lecture on the inspiration of the Bible, by the author.]

The Bible is a substantial work. Its doctrine is pure. Its conclusions unerring, and its prophecies infalible. The Bible is the greatest book in the world. It has been tried. It has been weighed in the balances and found not wanting. It has been tested by the strongest

minds of earth, and has confounded their wisdom. The Bible gives a reasonable account of the creation. It explains human nature in every respect, and prescribes a remedy for every evil.

The Bible has been tested by science, reason, experience and nature, and all harmonize in showing it to be an instructive, reasonable and sacred work. The Bible was written when the world was enveloped in darkness, and yet, it explains mysteries and solves problems which science cannot. The Bible is substantial, it is self-supporting, it foretells future events ages before they occur with unerring certainty, which is impossible for human intellect to do. The Bible carries with it truth, liberty and happiness, it is a civilizer. Where the Bible goes idolatry ceases, parents cease sacrificing their children to idols and men cease eating human flesh. The Bible forces itself upon the world. It has by its irresistible argument compelled kings to turn from their evil purposes, and nations to tremble before, and worship at the shrine of the God that it represents. The Bible is gaining ground. All nations will soon have it. One remarkable thing about this is that the nations which have the most Bibles are the most enlightened, and the more enlightened they are the greater the demand for Bibles. When a machine is introduced in a country it takes the lead until a better machine is introduced, and then the people lay it aside and take the better. Thus it is with books, inferior books must give place to something better. Many infidel books have been written, and read, but when the Bible is presented those books are laid aside as useless. Not one family in a thousand have a copy of the writings of the noted infidels. With all their lec-

turing and writing they have never effected a successful organization, nor library in the world, and to-day, while infidels are doing all in their power to suppress the Bible; Bibles are being manufactured by millions. The number is increasing steadily. There are several hundred millions of Bibles in the world, enough, placing them in row allowing seven inches to each Bible, to form a girt more than once and a half around the entire earth. If infidelity is a good thing why don't it win? If infidels are right why don't they write a book that will eclipse the Bible? The Bible is the best book in existence, it is a tried book, it comes to the front because it is the best. All the wise men, all the scientist, philosophers and great men of the world combined could not write a book that would compete with the Bible. Such a book cannot be produced by human intellect, by uninspired men. It is evidently the production of an infinite mind. It is "the word of God".

A Trip to Kansas.

The author, after going on foot from Iowa to southern Kansas, thence to Indian Territory, Missouri and Arkansas and then back to Kansas visiting many towns and cities. Being very unfortunate in Kansas, returned to Illinois, his native state, and wrote the following poem:

I went to southern Kansas
 Not many years ago—
 I went there to make money,
 But business was too slow.

I stopped in Wilson county,
And there I settled down
Just two miles from Fredon'a,
This was my nearest town

I went to work for wages
But wages were to low,
And when I did earn money
My debtors paid me slow.

I often had to loafer
For want of work to do
Or work for nearly nothing,
And that was something new.

Down there I had an uncle
And cousins three or four,
Sometimes I staid among them,
And went from door to door.

At last I got discouraged.
I thought it was too thin
To be compelled to loafer
And live among my kin.

And then I went to planning,
And as I thought it o'er
I said I'll leave the country,
And visit it no more.

I will go to the station
And mount the train, some day,
And bid farewell to Kansas
Because I cannot stay.

I'll go down to St. Louis
 And see the place, at least,
 And if I do not like it,
 I'll go on farther east.

Now when I reached St. Louis,
 I crossed the river there
 Into old Illinois,
 A country bright and fair.

This is a land of plenty—
 A land of corn and swine,
 And many have good orchards
 And grapes enough for wine.

I traveled on to Greenview,
 Where I lived when a boy,
 And there I safely landed
 At home, in Illinois.

I've had enough of Kansas,
 I've nibbled at her bait;
 I went at risk of chances,
 And cruel was my fate.

A Few Lines for the Crippled.

The Miss that does this stanza read
 And can it understand
 Is welcome to, (if she'll accept,)
 The donor's heart and hand.

If I could find the maid I want
 I'd ever with her tarry,
 I'd never turn from her away,
 Nor hesitate to marry.

Thou hast left me—O my darling,
 Thou didst for life depart—
 Farewell my love—bonny lady—
 Fair charmer of my heart.

O lovely woman, do not gain
 My love and true awhile remain,
 And then, with all thy charms depart
 And leave me with a broken heart.

O pretty woman, lovely and fair
 With winsome ways and modest air,
 I do admire thy charming grace,
 Thou fairest bloom of Eden's race.

There's not a woman on the face
 Of this wide world I would embrace
 On short acquaintance, and believe
 She never would me once deceive.

Faithfulness of Lovers.

'Tis hard to change the minds of those
 Who truly are in love,
 For none will for others hate
 Their dearest darling dove.

If each were to a prison sent
 Kept by an iron door,
 For years, when out again, they'd love,
 As much as e'er before.

Their love can never be subdued,
 By enemy or friend
 For they will love in spite of fate,
 And marry in the end.

Women are more pure than men
 In motive, deed and will,
 And if men were as men should be
 They would be purer still.

The Unfortunate Man.

I have not got possessions wide,
 Like some that do invest,
 I lack in earthly riches but
 Perhaps, 'tis for the best.

I have not got much earthly store
 Nor place on which to rest
 Nor splendid mansions like the rich,
 Perhaps, 'tis for the best.

What little of this world is mine
 I gather to my breast
 And know I got it honestly,
 Perhaps, 'tis for the best.

For many who do wealth possess.
 Have oft' the poor oppressed;
 But I am free from all of this;
 Perhaps, 'tis for the best.

While they are riding fast and gay
 In cloth and satin dressed;
 I live an honest working man,
 Perhaps, 'tis for the best.

Education.

Education is a good thing when the right kind of characters get it. Education makes a wise man useful, but a fool, exceedingly hateful. Our colleges make more fools than wise men. They give men book learning, but no brains. The conceited college bird, for want of intellect, goes about making light of those who have less book learning than he. He criticises everybody, and everything. He gives his opinion where it is not needed, and often attacks men who have less book learning (than he) but more originality, and more sense in a minute than he has in a week. It is a pity that such persons ever get an education.

A man with good sense, and a fair degree of natural talent, with a common school education is better off than the bigoted fool, with all the learning that colleges can give him.

A Word to the Haughty Rich.

Boast not ye rich of wealth nor gold
Which for a little while you hold,
For soon you must loose all you save
And take your place, low in the grave.

Disease may seize your mortal frame
And make your mental powers lame.
Death will ere long entrance your heart
Then all your glory will depart.

Soon you shall lay your wealth aside,
And cease to flaunt with haughty pride,
Soon death will take from you your store,
Then you will boast and flaunt no more.

The Renter.

No man should be without a home
 And have to rent another's dome,
 And move about from place to place,
 In debt for rent, with scowling face.

For any man can buy a spot
 Of ground, an acre, block or lot,
 And on it build a little hut
 Until he can more to it put.

There is no need of paying rent
 When money can be better spent,
 He is unwise who does it do,
 And will some day his folly rue.

But some folks feel too great and grand
 To live in such an humble stand
 Until they do more wealthy grow
 And rent a place to make a show.

The renter plants trees not his own,
 Because he is a rolling stone,
 He cannot stay their fruit to eat.
 Unless he does his rent bill meet.

He'd better buy a little lot
 And on it in a cabin squat
 If this he'd do, poor mullet head,
 The rent he pays would buy his bread.

If he would try, this he could do,
 And pay the money for it too—
 A-paid-for-home, though very small,
 Is better than no home at all.

Hypocrites.

There is a class of church members who go to church simply to see and to be seen. They notice all who enter the church, can tell what they look like where they sit, and what they wear. They go to church to take items, to make fun, and to get the fashions. They make light of every one that wears plain clothes, especially if they are poor. They associate with the rich and aristocratic only. They hate common folks. They treat them with disrespect and contempt. This is not religion. Religion is a holy principle in the soul, a principle that prompts its possessor to abstain from sin and do his duty, a principle that moves a man to treat his fellowmen with respect and to do unto others as he would have them do unto him. A principle that does away with all bigotry, selfishness and pride. This is the pure, the genuine religion. The religion that blesses and saves. Those church members have not this kind of religion; such characters are an injury to the church. They are standing in the way of sinners. They drive many from the church, who would be Christians if they were treated right. Those church members, like so many vipers, are good to each other, but poison to everything else. If they get to heaven without changing, the devil will be swindled, out of his rights. They are spots that would blemish the multitude of white robes, and make Heaven a selfish, contemptible and disgraceful hell.

Maxims in Rhyme.

Good manners shown in public places
Are outward signs of inward graces.

Men must of Satan's wiles beware
Or be entangled in his snare.

A man is happy in this life
With pure religion and a wife.

He that is for a living wishing
Had better work than go a fishing.

Men of sense and noble breeding
Are seldom found in manners needing
While fops and fools but to beguile,
Put on a deal of airs and style.

Woman is the dearest of all
Things on this terrestrial ball,
And she was made to kindly use,
And not to scold at and abuse.

No government ought long to stand
That does for rich men fight
And dares deprive the poor man of
His liberty and right.

The rich in splendid domes reside
While poor folks shanty by their side
The rich care not for cold nor drouth
While poor folks live from hand to mouth.

The man that does his wife abuse
 Deserves with fiends to dwell
 Midst everlasting torments in
 The gloomy climes of hell.

When two unite and work right well
 And peaceable together dwell,
 And have good health, they'll prosper sure
 And plenty for old age secure.

Play Parties and Games.

[Extract from a lecture on mirth and its relation to Christianity, by the Author.]

Play parties are wrong. A play party is as bad as a dance. One is as bad as the other. At one people trip a tune, at the other they dance a tune. Which is the worst? If I went to play parties I would go to dances. There is more sense in dancing than there is in playing. There is more art in it, more beauty and more music. I would rather go to a dance than to a play party, for I would learn more at the dance than at the play party, and hear less lies told. People who go to play parties do not exactly dance, but they want to dance, and it is as bad to want to do a thing as it is to do it. The man that trips 'weavly-wheat' is as bad as the man that dances "Juber". Play parties are destructive to the Church and to Christianity. Let us see their effect—Take, for instance, the young convert that has just enlisted in the cause of Christianity. He starts out with great zeal and energy, he is faithful for a little while, he is prompt in duty, he runs well, but soon he begins to associate with wicked companions, he is found among the gay and reckless

whose influence is for evil continually. He indulges with them in empty jesting and silly conversation. Thus he continues going from step to step, from bad to worse, until he is fixed in the ranks of the careless. Finally there is a play party in his neighborhood, he receives an invitation to it, attends the party and is well pleased with the performance. When this experiment is tried a strong desire for mirth is kindled in his soul and soon he is seen at another place of like character. Thus he continues drifting down the stream of frivolity until he reaches the great ocean of pleasure upon which thousands are carelessly sailing. When he is initiated into that society he is equipped for the ball room to which he next resorts. When he comes to this he cares but little or nothing for religion. He becomes hardened in heart, ceases to perform his religious duties, and finally turns his back upon the church and bids his profession adieu. This is the effect of mirth and the play parties. They are dangerous to religion. They are poisonous. They are fatal.

The Careless Bible Reader.

Inquirer:—My friend are you a Bible reader?

Bible Reader:—Yes sir.

I:—Have you read any in the Bible this week?

B. R.:—Yes sir.

I:—How much did you read this week?

B. R.:—About as much as I usually read in a week.

I:—What portion of the scripture did you read this week?

B. R.:—I read in the book of Psalms.

I:—How many chapters did you read?

B. R:—One,

I:—Which chapter did you read?

B. R:—The one hundred and seventeenth.

I:—How many verses are there in this chapter?

B. R:—Two.

I:—Do you remember what those verses say?

B. R:—Not very well.

I:—I find too many of this kind of Bible readers. L. S.

A Mystery.

'Tis queer to think how mortal man
 Can realize a dreadful ban,
 And drink the cup of vengeance in,
 Which is the punishment for sin
 While sleeping in the grave.

It is a wonder great and strange
 How the soul of man can range
 From earth below to Heav'n to dwell,
 Safe from the sultry clime of Hell
 While sleeping in the grave. Rev. 6. 9-11

'Tis strange how the rich man died,
 And soon became dissatisfied
 With his lot, and himself did blame,
 And was tormented in a flame,
 While sleeping in the grave.

'Tis a wonder how the thief
 Upon the cross, with stern belief,
 Could on that day with Jesus rise
 From earth's dark scenes to paradise
 While sleeping in the grave. Luke. 23. 43

I cannot clearly understand
 How the great mystery is planned,
 The fact that man with active mind,
 Can peace and joy with spirits find,
 While sleeping in the grave. Rev. 6. 9-10-11

'Tis strange how the good St. Paul,
 The chief of the Apostles all,
 Thought that he would in Heaven be
 If he was from the body free
 While sleeping in the grave. 2 Cor. 5. 1-8

I cannot understand how the soul of man sleeps in the grave—some say it does. The passages of scripture above referred to do not convey nor support any such idea—(If the rich man slept in the grave, he must have had a terrible dream.) It never was said unto a spirit, “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” The scriptures tell us that Samuel appeared to Saul, and talked with him and said, “to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me,” 1 Sam. 28. 19. Moses and Elias appeared to Christ at the transfiguration, and talked with him, Matt. 17. 3. Christ represented the rich man and Lazarus as existing in a concious state after death—John, the Revelator, says, “I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the words of God.” Rev. 6. 9. These were in a concious state of existence after death while their brethren were still on earth, see verses 10 and 11. What do all these passages of scripture mean, if the soul sleeps in the grave—if it does not exist in a concious state after death and before the resurrection.

L. S.

Games Are Wrong.

Christians should not indulge in games. All kinds of games have a tendency to lead men to idleness and gambling. Some pick out a game here and there, such as they fancy to be harmless, and indulge in them and pronounce all other games wicked—some play checkers and will not play cards, some play croquet, but will not play billiards. I cannot see how people can make some games innocent and others dangerous, when all games have the same nature. If it is wrong to play cards, it is wrong to play checkers, and if it is wrong to roll a billiard ball, it is also wrong to roll a croquet ball. I have often watched professed Christians play croquet, and now and then one would cry out "I have whitewashed you." I thought probably they were all whitewashed.

In a room is a lot of roughs playing cards, and in an adjoining room is a group of church members playing checkers. The church members find fault with the roughs for indulging in a game that leads to idleness, as though they were not doing the same. In a room is a lot of sinners playing billiards and just outside is a few church members playing croquet. The church members preach the sinners into hell for playing billiards, as though they were not doing as bad and as liable to go to hell.

We cannot consistently reject some games and practice others. We must conclude that all are right or that all are wrong, this is the way I look at the matter. I will not indulge in any kind of games, for I am satisfied that billiard and card playing are wrong. They have a tendency to lead men to idleness and gambling. I cannot indulge in them, and to be consistent, I cannot in-

dulge in any kind of games. Any thing that leads to idleness and gambling is wrong, and we cannot make a thing right when it is wrong.

Those games that are considered harmless lead men into games that make gamblers of them. I cannot see the consistency of a man picking out a game here and there and preaching people into hell for taking choice of what is left. The church member that goes to play parties, plays checkers and croquet is inconsistent. he is doing an injury to the church, he is standing in the way of sinners, his influence cannot do much good in the world. When he speaks sinners will mock, and when he warns the wicked they will not heed.

The Look of Love

The look of love is pure. It is divine,
 'Tis the soul's language. An outward sign.
 The look of love can move the hardest heart
 That is found in man.

Reply to the Infidel.

The infidel says, "if there is a God, he has no right to punish men simply because he made them," and asks, "If I had the power, and would change a book into a living man, would I have a right to torture the man because I made him?" This is owing to circumstances. If he would endow the man with with intelligence, and give him knowledge of good and evil, and power to

choose the good, and then the man would knowingly and willingly choose the evil, he would have a right to inflict just punishment upon him. A free moral agent alone is responsible for his conduct, no matter how he came into existence. It is a wonder that the infidel permits himself to be instrumental in bringing human beings into the world, where they may suffer for their offenses. He does this, knowing that his offspring are free moral agents, and are alone responsible for their own conduct, this lets him out. On the same principle God created man a free moral agent, endowed him with intelligence and with a knowledge of good and evil, and power to choose the good. If man sins, God is not responsible, and if he is punished he deserves it.

“If God knew that man would fall why did he make him?” God had reasons for making man or he would not have made him. Man was an element of God’s determined creation. His creation might have been a necessity. God, like other intelligent beings, may have desired intelligent beings to be with him, and made man for that purpose, why would he not. The fact that God foreknew that man would fall justifies him in making him; if he had been ignorant of man’s fall he would have gone into the work blindly, but if he knew that man would transgress he knew just what to do, and what sort of punishment would be necessary, and he knew that he would not punish him more than he deserved. Man is punished according to his deeds. The man that does not steal or murder will not be punished for these crimes, where there is little, little is required. They shall be beaten with few stripes. God is just. The man that thinks that God dumps the moral and immoral, the honest man and the murderer together into a furnace of lit-

eral fire has a wrong conception of the justice of God. I do not believe that there is any literal fire in hell, though there may be; if there is there is not a spark too much. I think the guilty conscience, and the convicting judgement of God is the fire of hell, and that no man will ever burn for that of which he is not guilty.

Is Murder and Polygamy Inspired.

An extract from a lecture on the inspiration of the Bible, by the author.

The infidel asks, "Did God inspire the Israelites to murder the heathen?" He did not inspire them to murder them. He inspired them to kill them for their idolatry, for violating his own law, for sacrificing their children to idols and for willfully, and presumptuously blaspheming his holy name. This was right. The infidel misrepresents when he calls it "murder." Killing is not murder when there is a just cause for it. For instance, a woman madly plunges the dagger into the heart of an innocent woman; she takes her life, she is arrested, tried, found guilty, and is shot dead. The shooting of this woman is not murder. It is the execution of justice. Nobody but a lunatic would call it murder. A king puts to death those who violate his law. When his subjects, rebel or commit treason, they are slain; justice demands it, and the people say it is right. A king sometimes, in order to defend his kingdom, and to carry out certain principles of justice musters large armies, and sends them among his enemies to kill them, and the world says it is right. If it is right for an

earthly king to kill men for transgressing his law; to take life, which he did not give, and cannot restore, is it not certainly right, for the almighty to take the life which he has given. The heathen were living in open violation of God's holy law. They refused to obey him, and made, idols to which they offered their own children. This was murder. It was serving false gods at the expense of human life. It was a base insult to their maker, and deserving of death. If an earthly king will not endure the offenses and insults of evil doers, why should God? His moral law must be executed as well as that of man. It was right to kill the heathen, and God inspired Joshua to do it, and I am glad that he did. It shows his contempt for idolatry. It was necessary to destroy idolaters for they were ruining the world. God saw this and slew them. He did it to check the devil, and to give Christianity a chance, and I thank him for it.

The killing of idolaters was not murder. It was the execution of justice. A God that would not punish idolaters would not be just. Yet because God destroyed the heathen the infidel says he is a murderer.

The infidel is like an idiot standing off on a hill while a battle is fought for the execution of good and noble principles, crying murder! murder!

"Was it right for God to kill the innocent babes?" Yes, he created them. They were his own. He had a right to take them. All infants are saved, for as in Adam all men died so in Christ all are made alive. That is, all are freed from the original sin from Adam's sin. This leaves men accountable for their practical sins only, for the sins which they knowingly

commit. This provision clears the infants. They are of the kingdom of Heaven. All that have not arrived to the age of accountability are in a saved condition. If God saw fit to remove the infants, and it was easier and better to die by the sword than to languish on beds of disease. It was better to take them in their innocence than to let them become idolaters and be lost. Better to take them, then let them be sacrificed to idols. God has appointed that all should die. Some shall die by disease, some by famine, and some by the sword. He that dies by the sword suffers less than millions that grapple with disease. When God removed the infants he saved them from idolatry, and eternal punishment. God called the infants into being and will call them from earth when he pleases, and as he pleases. They are his, and he will take care of them.

WAS POLYGAMY INSPIRED.

Sin is a violation of God's law, and nothing else. Then if there is no God there is no law, and consequently no sin, and polygamy is no sin. If there is no God as to the crime of polygamy it is a question. If there is no God there is no higher power than man, and no better authority than his. This leaves the question of polygamy with men and they are divided on it. If there is no God, and I love two women and they love me, and we want to marry, we are the ones to decide the matter. This is our business and no one else's. I would say it is right for us to marry. We would be happy if we were mar-

ried. We would want no better heaven than to live together and the man that would prevent our marriage would deprive us of our liberty. The infidel could not object, consistently, to this for he believes in a man having his liberty. If human judgment is all there is to pass on polygamy, one man has as much a right to use his judgment as another. But if there is a God; a being to whom man owes his existence, it is proper and right that he should say whether polygamy should be practiced. If God permits men to practice polygamy, man should hold his peace. He should let the matter rest with his equals and with his maker. If God makes a man and two (or more) women and permits them to marry, and they are satisfied, whose business is it; The infidel pleads human liberty, and if God in his infinite mercy grants this privilege, to be consistent, he should be the last to object. God gave man dominion over the beasts of the fields, and man exercises that power, and it is a glorious privilege, he divides his cattle, sheep and hogs, some he sells, some pens up and others he kills. If it is right for man to do as he will with the animals which he has not made, how much greater right has God to do as he will with men who are the work of his own hands. The infidel is not satisfied with governing the beasts, he wants to govern God too, and he is mad at God because he will not let him. If God wanted to remove a blazing star from the machinery of his infinite Universe he would not consult an infidel; much less will he consult him when he sees fit to remove a few murderous idolators, or suffer a man to marry a couple of women which he has made. Polygamy is not taught by the old Testament, and the new Testament is against it.

God did not permit polygamy to be practiced very extensively—A father tells his sons that they shall not go fishing on a certain day, and the same day, says to one of them, you may go a fishing. This is the father's business. A king forbids his subjects eating of the fruit of his vineyard on a certain day, and the same day he says to one of them, you may eat of the fruit of my vineyard, this is the king's business. On the same principle, if God dis-allows men to have a plurality of wives, and yet suffers a few to break over, it is His business, and he will take care of it, and, I cannot see the consistency of a poor, insignificant worm of the dust standing up with the impudence of a devil and cursing him for it.

Advice To a Young Lady.

If you would be respected, respect others. If you would have people speak well of you, speak well of them, or leave their names out.

If you would be called virtuous, keep decent company, for it is said that "birds of a feather flock together." Never give presents to a young man until you find him out, and go slow when you are acquainted, for the heart is full of deceit, and one slight mistake may take away your favor.

The young man who talks loud, jesting with you, half way across the street, and never by your side, is not sincere. You are not his choice. Let him slide,

If you want to live in poverty, marry a dolt. If you want to work for a living, marry a loafer., If you want to live on the fruits of dishonesty

marry a gambler. If you want to be drunkard
ard's wife marry a drunkard.

Do not treat people with disrespect, hoping to
be respected. Do not slander others, expecting
to be praised. Do not hate people expecting to
be loved. Do not court a rake, expecting a civil
husband. Do not marry an ill natured man, ex-
pecting to live a happy life with him.

Your mother is your best friend, harken to
her advice.

Always receive good advice. Take lessons
from the past, and warning from the 'fate of
others. Do not be too hasty in matrimony.
Remember that one mistake may turn the
course of your life, kindle within your breast a
fire that cannot be quenched, and bring upon
you trouble that cannot be removed until the
monster death closes his dark curtains around
you.

A Scholar's Greeting.

The following stanzas were taken from a poem
composed by Thomas Henry Stone, brother of
the author, entitled "A Scholar's greeting."

And now to turn our thoughts to school,
I'll say I love it well;
I even love the very place,
The building and the bell.

For here it is we do acquire,
While yet in early youth,
A knowledge of the things that are,
Of what is solid truth.

We study here no silly trash,
 Or nothing of the kind;
 But learn of that which will improve
 And elevate the mind.

'Tis here each boy will soon resolve
 If he does knowledge prize,
 To make himself a perfect man,
 Industrious and wise.

Each girl here, too, will study hard,
 And do the best she can;
 That she may when a woman grown,
 Deserve a worthy man.

O, when I come to leave the school,
 'Twill grieve me much, I know;
 It grieves me now, to think of it,
 For I do love it so.

I love to be here with my friends,
 To study, talk and jest;
 I love the teachers and the boys,
 But love the girls the best.

For woman is the rose of earth,
 And girls are buds just blowing;
 And they may light up all the world
 By kindness ever showing.

And now I'll say a word to all
 (As I am soon to leave you).
 That you may do what good you can
 And let no wrong deceive you.

“The past is with the things that were,”
 The future yet to reach us;
 Now do we by experience gain,
 And learn from what it teaches.

The long looked for New Year is come,
 The old one now is gone;
 Which does remind us shockingly
 How time flies swiftly on.

For short indeed does seem the time
 Since just a year ago,
 I sat here writing at this desk,
 While thickly fell the snow.

Each year that passes seems more brief
 Than that which went before;
 And just the same does seem this one,
 And so will many more.

The Secrecy of Death.

We can not tell when death will come
 And steal the soul away,
 And leave the body dead and numb,
 To molder in the clay.

We may not think the monster near,
 Until the soul has fled,
 An hour may find us happy here,
 The next may find us dead.

Beware, ye thoughtless ones, beware,
 Lest thus should be your fate,—
 Prepare for death while thereis hope,
 When dead 'twill be too late.

Address to the Billows.

Leap on ye mighty billows, leap,
 O'er the dark caverns of the deep;
 Go on with mighty thunder tones,
 And drown thy dying victim's groans,
 Nor let thy weary riders rest,
 Till time shall end.

Send forth thy spared, unconquered host
 To ev'ry island, cape and coast,
 O'erride the proud, with daring speech,
 'Neath whom is spread thy sandy beach;
 Entwine thy arms around each form,
 In death's embrace.

Marriage—According to Scripture.

Let saints and sinners wed their own,
 And never wed each other,
 Because it is not right to join
 The good and bad together.

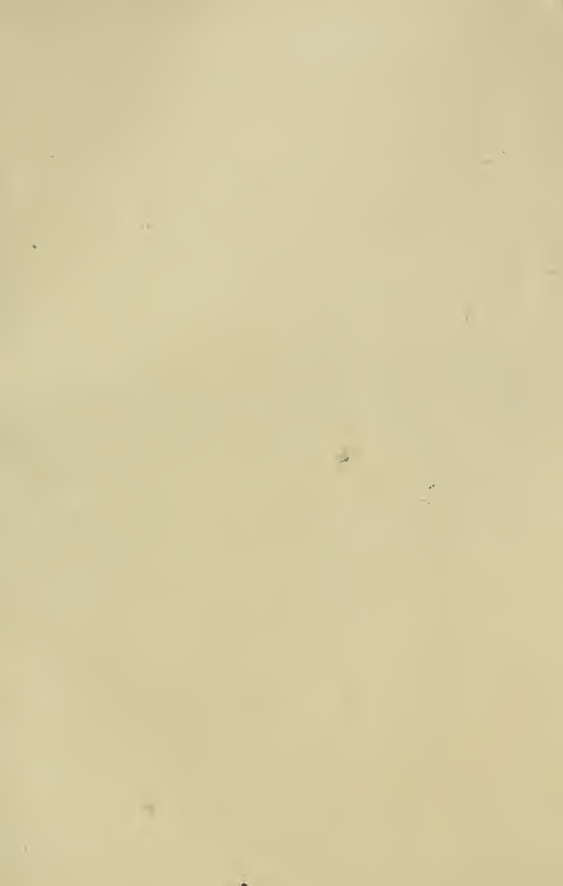
See 1 Cor. 6. 15, 16—7. 39. 2 Cor. 6. 14, 17.
 Dent. 7. 3, 4. 1 Kings 11. 2.


INDEX.

Month of March.....	3
A Worthless Man.....	4
The Poor Man's Soliloquy.....	4
The Industrious Widow.....	5
Encouraging Words to Christians.....	6
How to Use Time.....	7
The Blue.....	8
The Devil's 'Trap'.....	11
Death.....	12
The Muse Caliope....	13
The Mysterious World.....	16
The Offended Lover's Valedictory.....	18
The Wood Chopper.....	19
The Final Equalization of Man.....	20
Man's Greatest Pleasure.....	23
Woman.....	24
Questions in Rhyme. To Logan Stone.....	27
A High-tempered Wife.....	29
A Good Natured Wife.....	31
The Convicted Sinner's Address to his Soul... ..	32
Maxims.....	33
Temperance.....	35
Is the Soul Mortal?.....	36
The Fishermen of Middletown.....	36
Pay as you go.....	38
Fraise The Lord.....	39
Farewell my Bonny Bird.....	40
The Parents' Duty.....	41
The Street-Car Mule.....	41
The Vanity of Riches.....	42
Hell.....	43
The Bachelor On Matrimony.....	44
A Solid Man.....	46
The Husband's Dearie.....	46

Do Infidels Know It.....	49
Machinery The Production of Intellect.....	49
The Bible.....	50
A Trip to Kansas... ..	52
A Few Lines for the Crippled	54
Faithfulness of Lovers.....	55
The Unfortunate Man.....	56
Education.....	57
A Word to the Haughty Rich.....	57
The Renter.....	58
Hypocrites.....	69
Maxims in Rhyme.... ..	60
Play Parties and Games.....	61
The Careless Bible Reader.....	62
A Mystery.....	63
Games Are Wrong.....	65
The Look of Love.....	66
Reply to the Infidel.....	66
Was Murder and Polygamy Inspired.....	68
Advice to a Young Lady.....	72
A Scholar's Greeting.....	73
Secrecy of Death... ..	75
Marriage—According To Scripture.....	76
Address to the Billows.....	76







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To death whom is spread thy sandy beach;
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In death's embrace.

